All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome, *Richard.*
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

*Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.*

*Gho.* Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

*Enter the Ghests of the two yong Princes.*

*Gho. to K. R.* Dreame on thy cousins smoothred in the
*Lead* Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard, (Tower,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.*

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

*K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.*

*K. Ri.* Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.



O coward conscience, how dost thou affli
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midn
Cold fearefull drops stands on my trembli
What do I feare my selfe? theres none els
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reaso
Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my sel
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any g
*hath* That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall to
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villai
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degr
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
*Boare* Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, g
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues m
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I m
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that *I* murthre
*a Lord* Came all to my tent, and euery one did thre
To morrowes vengeance on the head of R

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* Zounds, who is there?
*Rat.* Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis *I*: the early
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their a
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a feare
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue a
*Rat.* No doubt my Lord.
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
*Rat.* Nay good my Lord, be not afraid
*King.* By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to